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The story of Lance & Felix



21 2 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

It was mid-evening and Lance had just finished watching the film Love Story on the box, when his mobile rang.

It was a fetchy ring tone with a subtle ECHO that tickled the eardrums. Lance reached out from his comfortable chair and took it.

Hello Lance here can I help you? But by the time he answered the person ringing had just hung up.

Lance did a few finger swipes on the touch screen, and the call log read UNIDENTIFIED NUMBER. Suite yourself thought Lance, and then made his way to the computer as it was Story Wars evening.

The computer made a clicking sound "one day I will get the repaired" he thought to himself, and then his favorite desktop wall paper appeared on the monitor, the photo of Madonna at the Brit awards falling backwards with her feet in the air, and the caption of "LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN" added by him for good measure.

Lance opened his web browser & hit his bookmark for Story Wars, and in an instant the familiar lack on inspirational colours, blasted out of his fiber optic cable too his screen. He gave a chuckle as he started clicking his knuckles, and mumbled his password while typing, which if you listened carefully was "PLEASE HOLD".

Good he was now logged in Story Wars about to start reading the creative fictions. Thinking Love Story always bring a smile to me. See more of Story Wars

The mobile news again

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Lance is quick this time and answer the call to him.

Hi Lance it's Felix.

Hi Felix said Lance (his eyes caressing the keyboard with anticipation)what can I do you for?

Listen Lance I have the option of two Madonna tickets, she's doing a one off charity gig for the National Hip Replacement institute, and we really need to Act Fast, that's if you want to go?

Lance scratched under his armpit, and said casually it's a lot of money to spend, just in the hope she slips again to prove that she wears a surgical corset.

Felix agreed with this opinion, and ended the call by saying "see you tomorrow".

Lance put the mobile on silence & once again cracked his knuckles above his head, while bellowing out an evil chuckle that is normally associated with mad scientists just before an Igor flips the switch. TONIGHT WILL BE MY MASTER CREATION, AND NOTHING WILL STOP ME!

The little Igor in Lance's mind flipped the switch, and a billion neurons started dancing, and Lance began to type the following.....

Chapter 2 by intellikat



.....Love means never having to say... I love you.

No. Too cheesy.

.....Love means never having to say... excuse me.

Not exactly inspirational.

.....Love means never having to say please.

Not far enough removed from reality for fiction-writing.

Although Lance had convinced himself to type poems, he couldn't bring himself to write a single word he had to be sure he could do it. See more of Story Wars

his jacket to walk to the bus stop, he had to be sure he could do it.

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When he got there, he went in. The problem now was that several more factors come into play.. Which color? wired or wireless? Will the key layout shape naturally into my posture of typing angle? AMD, Intel, Apple! O my God how did Holinshed cope with writing his Chronicles?

All of a sudden, Felix could see it. He could sense it, smoothly feeling its presence getting stronger. It was a shiny keyboard, standing out from the others. Felix carefully studied it from the bottom to the top sensing every detail and gently picking it up. He could feel the weight, perfectly balanced. He knew this was the one. The keyboard. His keyboard.

In a split second everything fell silent, and an atmosphere of peace & calm flowed around Felix as his awareness of events turned into slow motion. Please don't misinterpret by thinking Felix was only here for the purposes of hedonism, because that is far from the truth. More than anything his gripe was about the mediocrity of keyboard manufacture that everybody seemed satisfied to find themselves within.

It began to rain outside as Felix reached the counter to pay for his keyboard. Out the window, in the far distance a fading orange umbrella hovering over a gray silhouette flickered & vanished from sight.

"That will be \$42.39, sir," said the man behind the counter, ringing his purchase up.

Felix checked the cash in his wallet. Nothing added up, and presently the immediate problem was to get out. He stumbled around hugging the wall trying in vain to find something that could lead to hope, but with each attempt his strength got less, and eventually he slumped to the floor and weariness flooded over him to the extent of his eyes closing & passing out.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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